

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

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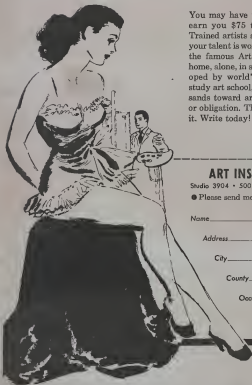
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VENGEANCE ASSAULT

THE UNTOLD
ACCOUNT OF THE
MISSING PWS!

HURRY, MEN!
IF WE DON'T GET THESE
PRISONERS TO THE
SHORE BY HIGH TIDE
WE'LL ALL BE
SLAUGHTERED!



HERE IS THE STORY BEHIND THE HEADLINES!

COLONEL CURTIS AND HIS MEN DROPPED FROM OUT OF THE SKY TO SPEW DEATH ON THE RED CHINESE! FOR THE WAR WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OVER... YET 97 OF THEIR BUDDIES REMAINED BEHIND THE BARBED WIRE OF AN ENEMY PRISON CAMP! BUT EVEN IF THEY SUCCEEDED IN FREEING THEIR FRIENDS COULD THEY GET TO THE LONE U.S. DESTROYER IN TIME?

COLONEL ANTHONY CURTIS AND SERGEANT EBC MASTERS STAND GRIMLY BY AS THE LAST BATCH OF AMERICAN POWS FILTER THROUGH THE EXCHANGE TENT AT PANNUKUM!

THAT DOES IT, SIR... AND NOT A JOE FROM OUR OUTFIT AMONG THEM! IT DOESN'T FIGURE!

I KNOW, SERGEANT! IT APPEARS THE REDS DON'T INTEND TO RELEASE THOSE 97 MEN THEY TOOK PRISONERS FROM US BACK IN '51! BUT THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT!

W-WHERE ARE YOU GOING, COLONEL?

TO HAVE A TALK WITH GENERAL ANDERSON! I'M GOING TO GET OUR MEN BACK... ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

SHORTLY, IN GENERAL ANDERSON'S QUARTERS...

WE REALIZE THE COMMIES ARE WITHHOLDING SOME OF OUR MEN, CURTIS! BUT WE CAN'T PROVE IT! ARE YOU POSITIVE THEY CAPTURED THAT OUTFIT OF YOURS?

I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES, GENERAL! IT WAS WHEN WE WERE WITHDRAWING FROM THE CHOSEN RESERVOIR JUST AFTER THE CHINESE REDS ENTERED THE WAR!

"...THOUSANDS OF THEM CAME DOWN OUT OF THE HILLS FORCING US BACK! IT WAS THEN THAT CAPTAIN BAKER, 3RD COMPANY, MADE A BRAVE MOVE!"

THOSE GOOKS ARE RIGHT ON OUR HEELS, COLONEL! THEY'LL BE CHEWING US DOWN FROM BEHIND IF WE DON'T SET UP A REAR GUARD! THE 3RD COMPANY WILL HOLD 'EM OFF!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, CAPTAIN! VERY WELL... SEE IF YOU CAN DELAY THEM! AND HERE... TAKE THIS LUCKY CHARM OF MINE! IT'S SEEN ME THROUGH A LOT OF HELL!

KABOOM! POW! BOOM!

"THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I SPOKE TO CAPTAIN BAKER! BUT SEVEN HOURS LATER AS MY DIVISION MOVED OVER A HIGH RIDGE..."

WEEEEEE BOOM! POW!

THE CAP'N IS CATCHIN' EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SINK, SIR!

YES... AND THEY CAN'T KEEP THAT HORDE OF RED CHINESE BACK MUCH LONGER! THEY'LL HAVE TO SURRENDER SOON... BUT AT LEAST THEY STALLED THEM LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET OUT!

"A FEW MINUTES LATER, MASTERS AND I WERE CHOKED WITH EMOTION AS..."

IT'S... ALL OVER FOR THEM!

THEY'RE BRAVE MEN... WE'LL NEVER FORGET THEM, SERGEANT!

I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR FEELINGS, COLONEL! BUT WE HAVE NO PROOF THAT THEY'RE STILL ALIVE... THAT THEY SURVIVED THAT HORRIBLE DEATH MARCH!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR! THE WAY THOSE RED FIENDS OPERATE THEY MAY VERY WELL HAVE SLAUGHTERED ALL OF THEM! I'M... SORRY I TROUBLED YOU!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AS THE DOWN-CAST COLONEL WALKS THE STREETS OF SEOUL ...

BAKER AND HIS MEN WIPED OUT... I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HM-M... WONDER WHAT ALL THE COMMOTION IS ABOUT?



是是是!
美兵!
美兵!

WHA...WHY THATS MY LUCKY CHARM! THE ONE I GAVE TO BAKER BACK IN '51! HOW DID THAT FARMER GET HOLD OF IT?



SO YOU DONT SPEAK ENGLISH! OKAY, MISTER... YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP WITH ME DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS/G-2 HAS AN INTERPRETER THERE!

NO UNDER-
STAND! NO UNDER-
STAND!



AT G-2 HEADQUARTERS THE TRUTH BECOMES KNOWN!

THE FARMER SAYS THE LUCKY CHARM WAS A GIFT TO HIM, FOR SNEAKING FOOD TO AMERICAN PRISONERS AT A CAMP IN KANTOW PROVINCE!

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN CAPTAIN BAKER! GREAT SCOTT! THIS PROVES HE AND HIS MEN ARE STILL BEING HELD!



YOU'RE RIGHT, CURTIS! THIS IS A JOB FOR THE PEACE COMMISSION! THEY'LL SEE THAT THOSE MEN ARE RELEASED!

PLEASE, SIR...WAIT! THE REDS WOULD BUTCHER THOSE BOYS RATHER THAN ADMIT TO THE WORLD THEY HAD BROKEN THE ARMISTICE! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE THEM...GO AND GET 'EM!



I-I DON'T KNOW! I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CRUTE IN BEHIND THEIR LINES WITH A SMALL UNIT! BUT YOU'D HAVE TO BE ON YOUR OWN...THE ARMY CAN'T BACK YOU UP!

THAT'S A CHANCE WE'RE WILLING TO TAKE, SIR! I'LL HAVE THIS FARMER DRAW A ROUGH MAP OF THE CAMP LOCATION...WE CAN LEAVE BY MIDNIGHT!



THERE'S A PLACE CALLED KANTOW LIGHT... RIGHT OFF SHORE! ONE OF OUR DESTROYERS MIGHT JUST BE PASSING THERE ON THE EVENING OF THE TENTH...

I UNDERSTAND, SIR! THANKS!



AT 0300 AROUND THE FOLLOWING MORNING, A LOW ARMY TRANSPORT PLANE WINGS ITS WAY DEEP INTO NORTH KOREA! THEN, OVER THE PROVINCE OF NANTOW...



AND AS THE SMALL FORCE OF AIRBORNE TROOPERS REGROUP ON THE GROUND...

THE P.O.W. CAMP SHOULD BE APPROXIMATELY FOUR MILES DUE EAST FROM HERE! WE'LL MOVE OUT JUST AS SOON AS THE CHUTES ARE BURIED!

RIGHT, SIR!



DANGER LURKS EVERY FOOT OF THE WAY AS THE VALIANT BAND MAKES ITS WAY THROUGH ENEMY TERRITORY!

STEADY... STEADY... DON'T MAKE A SOUND!



And DAWN BRINGS EVEN GREATER DANGERS...

ENEMY AIR RECON... TAKE COVER!

WOW! THEY SURE GOT THIS AREA PATROLLED!



But AT DUSK CURTIS AND HIS MEN ARE REWARDED FOR THEIR CAUTION...

THERE SHE IS... THE P.W. COMPOUND! WE MADE IT, SIR!

YES...AND IT'S GUARDED LIKE AN ARSENAL! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE BREAKING OUR BOYS OUT OF THERE RIGHT UNDER THE ENEMY'S NOSE!



COULDN'T WE JUST BUST IN THERE UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, SIR?

YOU FORGET, SERGEANT...THOSE MEN IN THERE ARE IN NO CONDITION FOR A FORCED MARCH! REMEMBER WHAT OUR OTHER PRISONERS WERE LIKE WHEN THEY WERE RELEASED...WEAK, UNDERFED!



KH-M...THAT ENEMY MOTOR POOL HAS FOUR TRUCKS... JUST ENOUGH TO CARRY OUR MEN OUT! IF WE COULD ONLY CREATE SOME CONFUSION TO DISTRACT THEM LONG ENOUGH!

GOSH, SIR... I THINK I GOT THE ANSWER! LOOK!



THOSE LOGS... JUST ABOVE THE ENEMY ENCAMPMENT! I GET YOUR POINT, SERGEANT! BUT WE'D HAVE TO TIP THE MEN OFF INSIDE THE CAMP!

COULD I SPEAK TO YOU, SIR?



I USED TO DO A LITTLE POLE VAULTING IN HIGH SCHOOL, COLONEL! I CALCULATE I COULD CLEAR THE HEIGHT OF THAT BARBED WIRE FENCE... WITH SOME LUCK AND A GOOD POLE!

THANKS, BRIGGS! I CAN'T GUARANTEE THE LUCK... BUT WE'LL FIND YOU THAT POLE!



AS NIGHT SETTLES OVER THE AREA...

THERE'S NOTHING MUCH I CAN SAY, BRIGGS! IT'S...UP TO YOU!

IF THIS MAKESHIFT POLE DOESN'T GIVE I STAND A GOOD CHANCE OF CLEARING THE FENCE, SIR! GOSH... I SURE HOPE I CALCULATED THE HEIGHT! I NEVER COULD CLEAR MORE THAN 12 FEET, 3 INCHES!



A MOMENT LATER, A LONE FIGURE CHARGES DOWN THE HILLSIDE GATHERING SPEED! THEN...

I-I'M GONNA MAKE IT... IF YOU DON'T CRACK, BABY! STAY WITH ME... JUST ANOTHER SECOND... PLEASE...



CRACK!



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW TO LOCATE THESE JOES AND TIP 'EM OFF TO THE COLONEL'S PLAN!



WITHIN THE P.W. CAMP THAT EVENING ALL APPEARS QUIET! BUT IN REALITY...

IT'S A LONG SHOT, BRIGGS! BUT IT MIGHT WORK...

GOSH, IT'S GOT TO, CAPTAIN BAKER! THE COLONEL SAID WE'D START AT 0600 SHARP! HE WANTS EVERYONE TO BE READY FOR THE BREAK!



NEXT MORNING, SERGEANT MASTERS WIGGLES HIS BODY TOWARD THE RED LOG PILE AT EXACTLY ONE MINUTE TO SIX...

STEADY DOES IT, SERGEANT! STEADY...

LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA MAKE IT, SIR!



Then...

O-ONE DOWN... ONE TO GO!



HE'S MADE IT! HIT THAT MOTOR POOL! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!



ABRUPTLY, THE GRENADES BURST! THE HUGE LOGS ARE BLASTED UPWARD BY THE EXPLOSION AND...

BATTER DOWN THAT GATE! COVER THOSE DRIVERS, MEN!

砲火!



THE MAELSTROM OF HEAVY LOGS CAREEN INTO THE ENEMY FORCES...

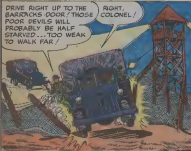
YIIII!



AND, A SPLIT SECOND LATER G.I.'S SLAM THE RED TRUCKS INTO THE PRISON CAMP GATEWAY...

DRIVE RIGHT UP TO THE BARRACKS DOOR! THOSE POOR DEVILS WILL PROBABLY BE HALF STARVED... TOO WEAK TO WALK FAR!

RIGHT, COLONEL!



SOME OF THEM ARE IN BAD SHAPE, SIR!

WE'VE GOT TO HURRY, BRIGGS! GOT TO PUT PLENTY OF DISTANCE BETWEEN US AND THOSE RED TROOPS BEFORE THEY REORGANIZE AND START SNAPPING AT OUR REELS!



THE SMASHED RED TROOPS CAN OFFER ONLY TOKEN RESISTANCE AS THE RESCUE CONVOY HEADS WEST FOR THE VITAL RENDEZVOUS!



WESTWARD ALONG THE BUMPY ROAD THE SMALL CONVOY OF MERCY ROARS!

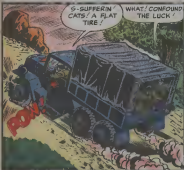
NO SIGN OF THEM YET! THE MINUTE THEY CAN GET THEIR WITS TOGETHER THEY'LL MOST LIKELY START ARMORED CARS AFTER US! THAT IS, IF THEY HAVE THEM IN THE DISTRICT!

I'M AFRAID THEY HAVE, COLONEL!



C-CAPTAIN BAKER! GREAT SCOTT! I-I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU UNTIL I HEARD YOUR VOICE!

I...GUESS I'VE SURE CHANGED A LOT, SIR! NICE SHOW YOU'RE PUTTING ON FOR US! IT'S A REAL MIRACLE!



G-SUFFERIN' CATS! A FLAT TIRE!

WHAT! CONFOUND THE LUCK!

WHAT'S HAPPENED? SHALL WE WAIT FOR YOU?

WE'VE GOT A FLAT! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO HELP... YOU HAVE A FULL LOAD! KEEP GOING! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT AS BEST WE CAN WITH THE FLAT TIRE!



THEN, AS THE CRIPPLED TRUCK CLIMBS SLOWLY UP THE STEEP GRADE...

KEEP YOUR FOOT ON THE FLOOR, DRIVER! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!

THEY'RE COMIN'! TWO ARMORED CARS STREAKING THIS WAY, SIR!



IT'S...NO USE, SIR! THE LOAD AND FLAT TIRE ARE JUST TOO MUCH FOR THIS JALOPY!

ARMORED CARS CLOSIN' IN!

WE'RE SUNK IF WE DON'T ABANDON THIS TRUCK! EVERYONE OUT!



SCRAMBLE DOWN THAT BANK OUT OF SIGHT! SERGEANT! GIVE ME YOUR BAYONET!

H-HUH? BUT SIR, THOSE ARMORED TRUCKS WILL BE BEARING DOWN ON US IN A FEW MINUTES! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT ON FOOT!

WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE, SERGEANT! THEY'D OVERTAKE US IN NO TIME IN THIS TRUCK... BUT IT STILL MIGHT SERVE US FOR AN ESCAPE!

I-I DON'T GET IT! WHY ARE YOU SPRING THAT GAS TANK, SIR?



NO TIME TO EXPLAIN... BUT WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THE REDS AN OLD FASHIONED HOT FOOT! LET'S DUCK BEHIND THE BANK... ON THE DOUBLE!

S-SURE...?



MINUTES LATER, AS THE ENEMY ARMORED CARS ROAR UP THE HILL...

THE ENEMY IS VERY FOND OF AMERICAN CIGARETTES! WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THEM ONE ON THE HOUSE, SERGEANT!

NOW I GET IT! YOU'RE A GENIUS, SIR!



THE SMOKING CIGARETTE FLOATS LAZILY THROUGH THE AIR! THEN, AS IT FALLS UPON THE STREAM OF GAS IN THE CENTER OF THE ROAD...



IT WORKED, SIR! WE KNOCKED 'EM BOTH OUT!

LET'S JOIN THE MEN AND MOVE OUT, SERGEANT! EVERY MINUTE LOST NOW IS A DAGGER AT OUR THROATS!



SHORTLY...

HOW FAR, SIR?
THESE WEAKENED
MEN CAN'T STAND
TOO MUCH OF
THIS!

ABOUT SIX
MILES, SERGEANT!
THE OTHER
TRUCKS ARE AT
THE RENDEZVOUS
POINT NOW!
YOU'VE GOT TO
MAKE THEM MOVE
FAST! THE TIME IT
WILL TAKE US BY FOOT WILL
GIVE THE ENEMY TIME
TO SEND NEW TROOPS
TO CATCH US!



FOR TWO HOURS THE DESPERATE
MEN PLOD TOWARD THE SEA!
FINALLY...

YAHOO!
THEY MADE
IT!

SET UP DEFENSE
POSITIONS! WE'VE
GOT 'EM HOT ON
OUR HEELS!



THE MINUTES TICK BY OMINOUSLY!
ANXIOUS EYES SCAN THE SEA!
SUDDENLY...

STILL
NO REDS,
COLONEL!

JUST MINUTES TO
GO...IF NOTHING'S
GONE WRONG!

HERE
THEY COME!



RED LEAD CUTS THE AIR AS THE BATTLE WEARY
G.I.'S CLING TO THE SHORE LINE FOR SHELTER...

I BETTER GIVE THIS TO YOU
AGAIN! SURE LOOKS LIKE
YOU'LL NEED A BIT OF LUCK...
LIKE WE'LL ALL NEED SOME
LUCK, BILL!

THANKS...THANKS
A LOT, ANTHONY!
HOPE IT WORKS!



TICK...

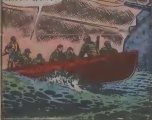
COLONEL! LOOK!
SHE'S COMING! THE
OLD TIN CAN IS HERE
TO TAKE US HOME!
YIPPY!

WE DID IT, SERGEANT!
COME ON, YOU BEAUTIFUL
IRON MONSTER! OPEN UP
WITH THOSE BIG GUNS!



UNDER A CURTAIN OF DESTROYER FIRE THE
G.I.'S MAKE THEIR WAY ABOARD...

HA, HA! THOSE / PEG
WILL BE BLOWN BACK
INTO THEIR OWN
PRISON CAMP!



AND AFTERWARD...

YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE
PERFORMED A REMARKABLE
FEAT, COLONEL! THE WHOLE
WORLD WILL KNOW OF IT
TOMORROW!

THE WORLD WILL NEVER HEAR
OF IT... NEITHER FROM THE
REDS, FOR THAT WILL SHOW
THAT THEY HOLD BACK
PRISONERS, NOR FROM US,
SINCE THIS FEAT WAS AN
UNAUTHORIZED RAID!



INDO-CHINA RAID

THE ODDS WERE TREMENDOUS... A LONE U.S. TANK AGAINST A MOUNTAIN FULL OF REDS! AND AFTER THE FIRST CLASH WITH THE PLUNDERING GUERRILLAS THE MISSION APPEARED TO BE A FAILURE! BUT SERGEANT PERKINS AND HIS CREWMEN WERE DETERMINED TO SUCCEED AT ANY COST!

DON'T OPEN UP WITH THOSE TRACERS TILL WE'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF THAT AMMO DEPOT! THIS IS THE ONLY CHANCE WE GET TO KNOCK IT OUT!

RIGHT, SARGE!



AT A SMALL SEAPORT VILLAGE IN INDO CHINA A FURTIVE FIGURE STEALS ALONG THE DOCKS!



SUDDENLY, OTHER FIGURES EMERGE FROM HIDING, AND LIGHTING TORCHES MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARDS A SUPPLY DEPOT!



IN A MOMENT, THE ENTIRE AREA IS A FLAMING INFERNO---

BURN EVERYTHING! DESTROY THE YANKEE DOG'S SUPPLIES!



GRIN FACED G.I.'S, PART OF A TASK FORCE ON A SPECIAL MISSION IN THE AREA, RUSH TO THE SCENE TO INTERCEPT THE RAIDING GUERRILLAS---

MORE CHINESE RED VOLUNTEERS! THEY'RE NOT IN THIS WAR OFFICIALLY, BUT THEIR RAIDS SURE CAN RAISE HELL!



EAT LEAD, YOU RATS! IT'LL PUT YOU WHERE YOU BELONG---IN A HOLE!



THEN ALL IS QUIET, EXCEPT FOR THE HISSING AND CRACKLING OF THE STILL RAGING FIRES---

WE WIPED OUT THE RED RAIDING PARTY, MAJOR... BUT NOT UNTIL THE DAMAGE WAS DONE!

I KNOW, CAPTAIN, BUT THAT'S NOT OUR FAULT! WE'VE GOT A DETACHMENT OF FIFTY MEN OUT HERE, AGAINST AN ESTIMATED TWO THOUSAND REDS! THEY'RE SPRINGING RAIDS ON EVERY TOWN---AND THEY'RE DOING THEIR BEST TO HARASS US!



WELL, WE CAN EXPECT HELP SOON! REINFORCEMENTS WILL BE HERE WITHIN THREE DAYS!

THREE DAYS! IN THREE DAYS THESE GUERRILLAS MAY DESTROY EVERY SUPPLY DEPOT IN THE AREA!



THEN... WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE, SIR?

WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THE OFFENSIVE! SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS WEST OF HERE IS THE RED STRONGHOLD, WHERE THEY KEEP THEIR SUPPLIES! I REALIZE THERE'S ONLY FIFTY OF US---BUT WE'RE GOING INTO THE RED LAIR AND SMASH 'EM GOOD!



THE FOLLOWING EVENING, UNKNOWN TO THE VILLAGERS, A FULLY ARMED AND EQUIPPED CONVOY SLIPS INTO THE HILLS!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON, THE CONVOY HALTS ABRUPTLY BEFORE A BRIDGE OVER A THUNDERING RIVER!

MM-M--- THIS STRUCTURE MAY NOT SUPPORT OUR HEAVY TANKS! WHAT DO YOU THINK, SGT. PERKINS?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, MAJOR! MY CREW WILL GIVE IT THE TEST!



GINGERLY, THE MOBILE FORTESS SUTHERS UP TO THE QUESTIONABLE SPAN! THEN, IN LOW GEAR, MOVES FORWARD!

IF YOU DETECT THE SLIGHTEST DANGER TURN BACK, PERKINS!

YES, SIR! TRACK LEFT, EDWARDS! STEADY--- STEADY!



H-HEY, SARGE... LISTEN! SHE'S CRACKING UP UNDER US... BUT THERE'S STILL A SLIM CHANCE--- TOO LATE TO TURN BACK--- GOTTA MAKE THE OTHER SIDE!



D-DON'T GET ITCHY FINGERS, EDWARDS! A SUDDEN SPURT MIGHT THROW THE WHOLE SPAN OFF--- AND WE'D BE GONERS!



HEY, SARGE... WE MADE IT...



WHAT WAS THAT?

GUERRILLAS --- DOWN BY THE RIVER BANK! BATTLE STATIONS!



WE GOT 'EM... WITH THE FIRST SALVO!

YEAH... BUT THE RAMADE IS DONE! THE REST CAN'T JOIN US--- AND HE CAN'T GET BACK TO THEM!



THE GRAVE SITUATION IS QUICKLY ANALYZED BY MAJOR ELLIOT AND A DECISION IS REACHED!

THERE'S ANOTHER BRIDGE TWELVE MILES SOUTH OF HERE, SERGEANT! WE'LL HAVE TO PROCEED DOWN OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE RIVER AND JOIN UP THERE!

RIGHT, SIR! YOU HEARD THE MAJOR, MEN! HOP INSIDE THAT TIN CAN--- WE'RE MOVING OUT!



IT'S SURE IS QUIET, SARGE! MAYBE THOSE GUERRILLAS WHO HIT US WERE ONLY A SCOUTING PARTY!

LET'S HOPE SO, EDWARDS! I FIGURE HE GOT JUST ENOUGH GAS TO MAKE THOSE TWELVE MILES... IF WE DON'T RUN INTO TROUBLE AND HAVE TO OPERATE UNDER FULL POWER!



KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! THOSE GUERRILLAS ARE A SNEAKY LOT!



WHA...?



AMBUSH! GUERRILLAS TO OUR REAR!



SARGE! THERE'S A SWAM OF 'EM--- MAKING A FRONTAL ATTACK!

ONLY ONE REASON FOR SUICIDE LIKE THIS--- THEY'RE OUT TO CAPTURE THIS TANK! CLOSE YOUR HATCHES! GOTTA MAKE A RUN FOR IT!



HEY, LISTEN--- SOMEONE'S MESSIN' AROUND WITH THE TURRET GUN!





LATER PERKINS AND HIS CREW INVESTIGATE THE DAMAGE ---

SHE'S KNOCKED OUT--- BUT 'S GOOD! LOOKS LIKE WE GOTTA MAKE THE REST OF THE WAY WITHOUT OUR TGS!

SARGE--- LOOK!



HA-HA--- THE PATH IS SURE WORN! I'D BET A FURLOUGH THIS IS THE GUERRILLA'S JUNGLE ROUTE LEADING RIGHT TO THEIR CAMP!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING! YOU KNOW--- I BET IT WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH EFFORT TO PUT A TORCH TO THEIR AMMO DUMP IF WE COULD FIND IT!



THE MAJOR WILL HAVE OUR SCALPS BUT WE CAN'T LET AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS GO BY! IT'S GONNA BE ROUGH THOUGH WITHOUT THAT TURRET GUN!

YEAH--- AND LET'S HOPE IT ISN'T TOO FAR FROM HERE! WE'RE RUNNIN' ON RESERVE FUEL NOW!



SLOWLY THE IRON WAR MONSTER INCHES ITS WAY UP THE STEEP SLOPE! NEARLY AN HOUR LATER!

THERE'S THEIR NEST--- DOWN IN THE VALLEY! AND LOOK AT THAT AMMO DEPOT! WOW!

WE COULD BLAST IT FROM HERE IF OUR TURRET GUN WAS WORKIN'!

YEAH--- BUT IT ISN'T!



WE CAN STILL DO THE JOB BUT WE GOTTA MOVE IN FAST--- AND GET OUT! FERRAL! ALL THAT MACHINE GUN BELT WITH TRACERS! THEN CLOSE YOUR HATCHES--- WE'RE GOIN' DOWN!



SHORTLY, THE SILENCE OF THE GUERRILLA VILLAGE IS SHATTERED AS ---

YANKEE SWINES!

DON'T OPEN UP WITH THAT .50 CALIBER YET, FERRAL! WAIT UNTIL WE'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF THAT AMMO DUMP!



NOW! BLAST AWAY, FERRAL --- AND MAKE SURE YOU HIT SOME OF THOSE AMMO CASES WITH THE TRACERS!

I GOT ONE RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS, SARGE!



YAHOO! WE DID IT! NOW MAKE TRACKS FOR THAT BRIDGE --- WHILE WE STILL GOT THE GAS!



T-THEY ZEROED IN THE TURRET WITH A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL! THINGS ARE GONNA GET A LITTLE HOT, BOYS!

YEAH--- AND IF HE STICKS OUR NECKS OUT THERE WE'LL BE SITTING DUCKS!



UNDER HEAVY ENEMY FIRE THE DALLANT CREWMEN REMAIN INSIDE THE FLAMING TANK IN ITS FLIGHT TO FREEDOM!

IF WE FIGURED RIGHT THAT BROSSE SHOULD BE RIGHT OVER THIS HILL!

IT BETTER BE... OR WE'LL BE COOKED BOOGIES! WHEN... I'M BOILIN'!



OH, OH--- THERE GOES THE GAS! AND JUST WHEN WE GOT NEAR THAT BRIDGE!

WE'RE NOT LICKED YET! THIS BABY CAN SUDE THE REST OF THE WAY--- THE HILL'S MUDDY ENOUGH FROM THE RECENT RAINS!



A MOMENT LATER, AS THE GREAT TANK'S MOMENTUM CARRIES IT TO THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE---

WE MADE IT---

IT MUSTA BEEN A HUNDRED AND TEN DEGREES IN THERE!

YOU BOYS CERTAINLY HAD US WORRIED! WE HEARD THAT FIRING AND FIGURED YOU WERE AMBUSHED! WHAT WAS THAT EXPLOSION?



THAT WAS GUERRILLA AMMO, SIR! YOU WONT HAVE TO GO IN THERE FOR 'EM NOW! WE BLASTED EVERY BULLET THEY HAD SKY HIGH!

YOU HEARD THE SERGEANT, CAPTAIN! ORDER THE DETACHMENT BACK! AND DONT LET WE FORGET TO MAKE A REPORT ON THIS TANK CREW --- I'M GOING TO PUT THEM UP FOR THE SILVER STAR!



Missiles OF Death



SNAP OUT OF IT, WILKINS!
FIRE THE MISSILE ---
THAT'S AN ORDER!

I - I CAN'T DO IT, SIR!
IT'S SUKIDE!

SOMEHOW THE ENEMY AMMO DUMP IN NORTH KOREA HAD TO BE DESTROYED! THE SITUATION LOOKED PRETTY GRIM AFTER CAPTAIN KENTON AND HIS MEN HAD FAILED TO DO THE JOB! BUT THEY WERE GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE --- A CHANCE IN A THOUSAND THAT IT COULD SUCCEED!

AT AN ARMY BASE IN TOKYO GRW U.S. OFFICERS GATHER IN THE CONTROL TOWER! THE TENSE STILLNESS IS SUDDENLY BROKEN BY ---

ENCOUNTERING FIVE BOMBERS AND A FIGHTER ESCORT
HEAVY FLAK ---
AND THEY'RE NOT EVEN CLOSE TO
HAVE LOST FIVE
THAT AMMO DUMP! I'M AFRAID MIS-
BLUEJAYS AND
SION #106 IS DESTINED TO FAIL
ONE ROBIN ---
WILL PROCEED
TO TARGET
ALTERING
COURSE!
LIKE THE OTHERS!
ORDER THEM BACK
SERGEANT!
YES SIR!



BUT GENERAL, THAT
TARGET MUST BE
KNOCKED OUT! THE
ENEMY IS STOCK-
PILING HIS AMMO
THERE TO LAUNCH
AN ALL OUT
OFFENSIVE!

I'M WELL AWARE OF THAT,
MAJOR! BUT WE'RE NOT GOING
TO SACRIFICE THE ENTIRE U.S.
AIR CORPS TO DO IT! IF OUR
PLANES CAN'T CRACK THAT
ANTI-AIRCRAFT SCREEN
PERHAPS A GUIDED
MISSILE CAN!



GUIDED MISSILE!
WE HAVEN'T GOT
THE EQUIPMENT
TO SEND A
ROBOT BOMB
ALL THE WAY
TO THE TARGET!

WE COULD... IF WE
ESTABLISH A RELAY
STATION IN ENEMY
TERRITORY! A RADIO
TEAM COULD INFILTRATE
BEHIND ENEMY LINES
... MAKE CONTACT WITH
THE MISSILES AND
DIRECT THEM TO THAT
AMMO DUMP!



THUS, OPERATION ROBOT WAS PLANNED! THE JOB FELL SQUARELY
ON THE SHOULDERS OF SIGNAL CORPS CAPTAIN BRAD KENTON!

FOUR V-4s WILL BE LAUNCHED AT PRECISELY
0800 AND DIRECTED TO TARGET! YOU AND
YOUR MEN MUST LOCATE IN THE FLIGHT
PATH AND AT ALL COSTS MAKE RADIO
CONTACT!

OPERATING A RELAY
STATION RIGHT
UNDER THE ENEMY'S
NOSE WON'T BE EASY,
SIR! BUT IF IT'S
POSSIBLE...
WE'LL DO IT!



SHORTLY, AS KENTON
ADDRESSES HIS MEN...
I'M ASKING FOR
VOLUNTEERS! NO
WANTS A RADIO
TEAM BEHIND
ENEMY LINES!

YOU CAN
COUNT ME
IN, CAPTAIN!
HECK, WHEN I WAS
UP FRONT, I PAT-
TEAM BEHIND
ROLLED ENEMY
GROUND EVERY
NIGHT!
SURE
NOTHING TO
IT!



IT WON'T BE THAT EASY THIS TIME!
THE RADIO EQUIPMENT CAN'T BE
CNUED IN... WE'VE GOT TO
CARRY IT THERE! THAT MEANS
WE TRAVEL LIGHTLY ARMED...
45s TO BE EXACT!

GULP!
NO HEAVY WEAPONS... GOSH...
... NOT EVEN THIS IS
RIFLES! GONNA BE ROUGH!



I KNOW... BUT THAT AMMO DUMP
MUST BE BLASTED! IF WE DON'T
SUCCEED IT WILL MEAN HEAVY
CASUALTIES TO YOUR BUDDIES!
ANDERSON! BURKE! FALL OUT
AND GET THE RADIO EQUIPMENT!

THE REST OF
YOU HIT THE
SACK...
YOU'LL NEED
THE SLEEP!



EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, KENTON AND HIS VOLUNTEERS SLIP INTO
ENEMY TERRITORY... BUT THE TASK IS NOT AN EASY ONE!



DEEP IN RED TERRITORY THE NEXT DAY, CAPTAIN KENTON BRINGS HIS COLUMN TO A HALT:

THIS IS IT, MEN! A DESERTED PRISON! HERE IN THE COMMIES' BACK YARD AND HERE RIGHT IN THE FLIGHT PATH OF THE GUIDED MISSILES! DIS IN AND TAKE COVER!



THIS IS A BREEZE --- NOT A GOOD IN SIGHT! LET'S HOPE IT STAYS THIS WAY! WHEN THOSE MISSILES START COMIN' THE SOUND OF THE RADIO GENERATOR MIGHT GIVE US AWAY!



FOR NINETEEN HOURS KENTON AND HIS MEN KEPT A SILENT FIGHT! THEN, AS OSCO APPROACHES ---

CONFOUND IT! THOSE MISSILES WILL BE LAUNCHED IN TWO MINUTES! WHY DID THE REDS HAVE TO SEND A COLUMN THROUGH HERE AT THIS TIME

YEAH... AND IT'S A MILE LONG TOO! GOSH... I SURE HOPE THEY CLEAR OUT BEFORE WE START OPERATING!



BUT LUCK AND TIME RUN OUT ON THE VALIANT GROUP THREE MINUTES AND SEVENTEEN SECONDS LATER!

HERE THEY COME... AND THE ENEMY'S BREATHING DOWN OUR NECKS!

WHAT! WE GONNA DO, SIR? IF HE START THAT GENERATOR THEY'LL HEAR IT SURE!



YES... AND IF WE DON'T MAKE RADIO CONTACT WITH THOSE GUIDED MISSILES THEY'LL CRASH SHORT OF THE AMMO DUMP! WELL... WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE, MEN?

LET'S START OPERATING... AND NUTS TO THE COMMIES!

ROGER! LET'S WORK FAST!



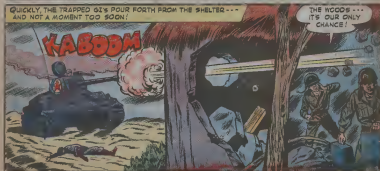
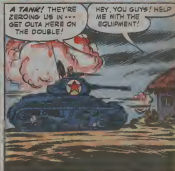
MOMENTS LATER, THE ALERT ENEMY DETECTS A STRANGE NOISE!



IM PICKING THEM UP... THEY'RE COMING IN STRONG!

SO ARE THE GOOKS! STAND BY THAT SET AT ALL COSTS, NIKINS! THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME SHOOTING!





UNDER COVER OF THE SHELL BLAST THE G.I.'S MANAGE TO LOSE THE ENEMY --- TEMPORARILY!

I-I THINK WE
LOST 'EM!

NOT THOSE GUYS! THEY
NEVER GIVE UP!

WE'RE IN LUCK, BOYS!
THERE'S A RIVER UP
AHEAD! IF THEY PUT THE
BLOODHOUNDS ON US
WE CAN THROW THEM
OFF THE TRACK!



EVEN IF WE DO GET BACK
THE MISSION'S STILL A
FLOP! THEY STILL GOT
THEIR AMMO!

HEY, GUYS ---
LOOK OVER
THERE! IT'S --- ONE
OF OUR MISSILES!



SOSH--- SHE'S
STILL INTACT!
THE RIVER MUSTA
ACTED AS A
CUSHION WHEN
IT PLUMMETED
IN! TOO BAD
WE CAN'T
USE IT!

MAYBE WE CAN,
WILKINS!
TAKE A LOOK
DOWN THERE
--- AT THAT
LUMBER
CHUTE!



HUH? I
DON'T
GET
IT, SIR!
THAT CHUTE'S IDEAL FOR
LAUNCHING THE MISSILE
---AND WILKINS CAN HAVE
THE RADIO REPAIRED IN
AN HOUR! MEN, WE'VE
STILL GOT A CHANCE
TO BLAST THAT
DUMP SKYHIGH!



SHORTLY, YANKEE INGENUITY COMES INTO
PLAY TO MOVE THE DEADLY MISSILE
TO THE LUMBER CHUTE!

ON THE DOUBLE, MEN!
THERE'S NO TELLING
WHEN THOSE
GOOKS WILL PICK
UP OUR TRAIL!



WHAT ABOUT IT? HAS SHE
ENOUGH FUEL LEFT TO
FINISH THE TRIP?

SURE! SHE'S LOADED WITH
ALCOHOL!



SUDDENLY---

HIT IT! WE'VE
BEEN SPOTTED!



NO TELLING HOW LONG WE CAN HOLD THEM OFF, MILKINS! HAVE YOU GOT THAT RADIO OPERATING?

Y-YES SIR... BUT I CAN'T CONTROL THE TAIL FINS OF THE MISSILE! THEY BROKE WHEN SHE CRASHED!



WHAT! GOSH... WE'LL NEVER GET HER TO TARGET NOW!

THAT TNT IS GOING TO BLAST THAT DUMP OR I'LL KNOW THE REASON WHY! BURKE! ANDERSON! CUT SOME HOLES IN THE CORNER OF THIS CANVASS CAMOUFLAGE... AND HURRY! I'M GOING TO RIDE THAT MISSILE AND GUIDE IT TO TARGET!



MUH...? YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS, SIR! THAT'S... IMPOSSIBLE!

THE INITIAL ACCELERATION WILL BE TERRIFIC! BUT IT'S WORTH A TRY... YOU'LL HAVE TO STRAP ME TO THAT THING!



SECONDS LATER, KENTON AND HIS MEN BRAVE ENEMY BULLETS AS ---

I-IT WON'T WORK, SIR... AT THAT TREMENDOUS SPEED YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO BREATHE!

THIS GAS MASK MIGHT DO THE TRICK... IT'S GOT TO! STAND BACK, EVERYONE! MILKINS! PREPARE TO FIRE!



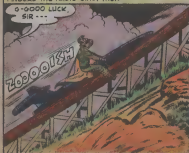
I-I CAN'T DO IT, SIR!

SNAP OUT OF IT, MILKINS! FIRE THE MISSILE --- THAT'S AN ORDER!



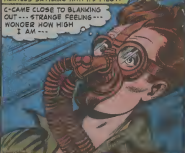
UPON HIS CAPTAIN'S ORDER, MILKINS NERVOUSLY FINGERS THE RADIO DIAL! THEN ---

O-O-O-O OOD LUCK, SIR...



WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE THE GREAT MISSILE HURTLER SKYWARD WITH ITS PILOT!

C-CAME CLOSE TO BLANKING OUT... STRANGE FEELING... WONDER HOW HIGH I AM...



G.I. COMBAT

THUNDERING THROUGH THE SKY AT BETTER THAN 400 MPH KENTON GUIDES THE FLYING EXPLOSIVE TOWARD TARGET...

THERE IT IS --- GOT TO BEAR RIGHT TWO DEGREES --- STEADY! STEADY!

FROM HERE ON IN IT'S UP TO YOU, BABY! THANKS FOR THE RIDE ...

POW

SHE'S DEAD ON TARGET --- ONLY A FEW SECONDS ...

BULLSEYE!

BARROOM

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, AT SIGNAL CORPS RECREATION CENTER ---

GOSH --- THAT SURE TOOK COURAGE! I DON'T FIGURE THERE'S ANOTHER GUY LIKE THE CAP'N IN THE ARMY!

YEAH --- WE'RE GONNA MISS HIM REAL BAD!

H-HEY, FELLERS... LOOK!

A-ARE YOU FOR REAL, SIR? WE FIGURED YOU WERE A DEAD DUCK!

HOW COME YOU'RE ALIVE?

THAT PIECE OF CAMOUFLAGE I HAD YOU MAKE HOLES IN --- IT WAS FOR A MAKE-SHIFT PARACHUTE! I'M HAPPY TO SAY IT WORKED!

WELL I'LL BE ---

AFTER I LANDED A FRIENDLY NORTH KOREAN HELPED ME BACK TO OUR LINES IN THESE CLOTHES! SAY, LET'S CELEBRATE! OUR MISSION WAS A SUCCESS AFTER ALL!

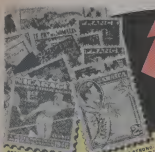
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The TRAP

THE three GIs—Ennis and Baker and Ferucci—huddled in the rock pocket, half-way up the hillside above the river, and shivered in the icy Korean wind. Below them the river whose name none of them could pronounce, wound its frozen way between the hills. The heavy .50 caliber machine gun that shared the pocket with them and a few cases of ammunition pointed its lethal snout down across that ice toward the opening in the rocks on the farther shore. When the Reds came, it would be through that opening. It would be the job of these three to pile as many dead as possible on the snow and ice over there. Three shivering, blue-lipped GIs against the massed might of a Red division.

Their outfit, probing across the frozen river, had encountered overwhelming Red forces and been driven back with heavy casualties. Then, only two miles back, an ambulance loaded with wounded had broken down. These three had volunteered to hold back the Red hordes until repairs could be made and the ambulance driven to safety.

"Of course," Baker said through chattering teeth, "like the Major said, the Reds may not dare cross the river. They know our main force is only a little way back."

"If they've got any brains, they won't try to cross," Ennis agreed. "They'll get to the river there and stay put on their side."

"Hah," Ferucci muttered darkly. "If they had any brains, they wouldn't be Communists. They'll cross, all right—unless we shoot so many they'll think it's a whole platoon up here."

The prospect of action cheered them a little. Ennis beat his hands together, driving blood back into numbed fingers in preparation for the moment when the big machine gun would start to throb and hammer under his expert touch. Ennis brushed frost from the belt, already threaded and waiting, and Ferucci tested the solidity of the tripod among the frozen stones. In each man's mind was the same thought: they might not get out of this alive, but they'd see that plenty of Goonies took the Long Trail first.

"Shhh," Ferucci said suddenly. "I hear something."

They cocked their heads, lifting earflaps to better catch the faroff rumble and clank from across the river. Startled looks crossed their faces as they identified those ominous sounds. But there was no need to voice that realization.

The tank came into view almost immediately—a Russian-built T-34, waddling like a black bug over the white snow, its turret swinging right and left as its observer checked the frozen thickets. At the river's edge it paused for a moment, then dipped down the bank and rumbled out onto the heavy ice with cautious sureness.

"Now what do we do?" Ennis whispered. "We've shot at those cans before. These .50s don't even dent that armor. He'll wade through everything we can throw, blast us outa here with his cannon and then plow right back to finish off the ambulance."

"I wish that ice would break under him," Baker said savagely, "but it won't. It's been freezing for a week, and those vultures know it'll hold 'em."

"Who says it will?" Ferucci barked suddenly, his eyes bright. He wriggled into position behind the gun, feet braced against the forelegs, bared right hand closing around the frosty steel of the butt and trigger. "Start feeding my belt straight, boy. We're going into the ice business in a big way."

The .50 jumped and hammered and the belt leaped through the breech slot. Ennis fed it swiftly across his mittens and Baker whirled to kick open another ammo box. Down on the river a little bed of shattered ice sprang up, marching in a straight line across in front of the tank as Ferucci traversed his gun with mill-taps against the butt plate. They could hear the racking clang and scream of a few ricochets. The blunt cannon in the tank turret stopped its weaving and began to lift.

"You're shooting low," Ennis yelled frantically. "You're hitting in front of the buzzard."

Without answering, Ferucci spun the elevating screw. The bedgerow of ice leaped along the left side of the tank, drew back, leaped again along the right. Baker had his mouth open to yell something when they all heard the groaning snap and crack of ice breaking. For an instant the tank seemed to bang in a dark circle of gushing water. Then vehicle and ice pack sank from sight into the icy water. "Son of a gun," Ennis yelled then. "You chopped through the ice and sank him. You sank a tank."

From behind them came the boom of a gun, signalling that the ambulance was repaired and moving, calling them back from their triumph.

G.I. COMBAT

KILLER PURSUIT

YOU CANNOT WIN, MULLINS!
I HAVE BEATED YOU MANY
TIMES BEFORE--- AND NOW
I WILL KILL YOU!

JINK OR NO JINK I GOTTA
BEAT HIM THIS TIME! MY
WHOLE OUTFIT WILL BE
WIPEO OUT IF I DON'T!

THEY HAD FACED ONE ANOTHER BEFORE --- AT THE OLYMPICS! AND NOW A WAR HAD
BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME THE PRICE OF DEFEAT WAS HIGHER---
LIFE ITSELF!

AS DARKNESS BLANKETS THE FRONT IN KOREA, GRIM-
FACED G.I.'S SLIP INTO THEIR FOXHOLES TO PREPARE
FOR A BATTLE OF NERVES!

FULL MOON TONIGHT,
SARGE! MAYBE THE
GOOKS WONT SEND
OUT MANY PATROLS!

I DOUBT IT, JOEY! THEY'VE
BEEN PROBING FOR SOFT
SPOTS IN OUR LINE FOR
WEEKS! THE REOS ARE
LOOKIN' FOR A HOLE TO
THROW A MOUNTAIN LOAD
OF ARMOR AT US!

WE GOTTA BE SURE
NONE OF 'EM
INFILTRATES! IF
THEY EVER FIND
OUT WHAT'S BACKIN'
US UP WE'LL CATCH
EVERYTHING BUT
THE KITCHEN SINK!

YEAH---IT KINDA GIVES ME
THE CREEPS, SARGE! GETTIN'
DARK--- WE'D BETTER CLAM
UP! THEY'LL BE IN OUR
SIGHTS SOON--- IF
THEY'RE COMIN'!

SERGEANT RED MULLINS AND HIS BUDDY JOEY BLAIR, STUDY THE OMINOUS STILLNESS BEFORE THEM! IN A WORLD OF PEACE ONE SLEEPS AT NIGHT... BUT NOT IN NO-MAN'S LAND!



JOEY! WE GOT A NIBBLE... TO MY RIGHT!

I'M ON THE TRIGGER, SARGE!

YOU DON'T SEE... YOU HEAR THE ENEMY... IF HE'S THERE! SOMETIMES IT PAYS OFF!



THEY'RE THICK AS RATS OUT THERE! LET'S MOP 'EM UP!

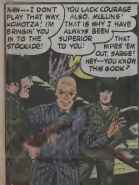


IT'S ME OR YOU, BOYS... AND I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!



K-KOMOTZA!

GO AHEAD, MULLINS... THRUST! I AM AT A DISADVANTAGE! THIS IS THE ONLY CHANCE YOU HAVE TO DEFEAT ME!



NOW... I DON'T PLAY THAT WAY, KOMOTZA! I'M BRINGIN' YOU IN TO THE STOCKADE!

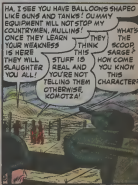
YOU LACK COURAGE ALSO, MULLINS! THAT IS WHY I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SUPERIOR TO YOU!

THAT NIPES 'EM OUT, SARGE! HEY... YOU KNOW THIS GOOK?



YEAH... I KNOW HIM! GET MOVIN', CHAMP! YOU'RE GONNA SIT THIS WAR OUT... BEHIND BARBED WIRE!

G-CHAMP??



HA, I SEE YOU HAVE BALLOONS SHAPED LIKE GUNS AND TANKS! DUMMY EQUIPMENT WILL NOT STOP MY COUNTRYMEN, MULLINS! ONCE THEY LEARN YOUR WEAKNESS IS HERE THEY WILL SLAUGHTER YOU ALL! STUFF IS REAL AND YOU'RE NOT TELLING THEM OTHERWISE, KOMOTZA!

WHAT'S THE SCOOP, SARGE? HOW COME YOU KNOW THIS CHARACTER?

U.I. COMBAT

FROM THE OLYMPICS, JOEY! KOMOTZA WAS ON THE NORTH KOREAN TEAM... I WAS ONE OF THE U.S. ATHLETES THAT COMPETED AGAINST THEM! I COULD HAVE WALKED OFF WITH FIRST PLACE... IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR KOMOTZA!



"BUT HE WAS A REAL JINK TO ME! EVERY TIME I COMPETED AGAINST HIM SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN... AND TO LOSE OUT! TAKE FOR EXAMPLE THE DISTANCE MARATHON...

O-OH--- MY STOMACH!

THE AMERICAN HAS A CRAMP! KOMOTZA WINS!



"AND THEN THERE WAS THE POLE VAULTING EVENT... AND SNIMIN'..."



MY LAST JUMP... SECOND AGAIN!



A JINK... THAT'S WHAT KOMOTZA WAS! IT DROVE ME NUTS... I JUST COULDN'T BEAT THE GUY!

REST EASY, SARGE! HE WON'T BE BEATING YOU OUT... FROM IN THERE!



THAT EVENING, GUN SHOTS BRING SERGEANT MULLIN SCRAMBLING FROM HIS TENT!

SOUND THE ALARM! A PRISONER'S ESCAPED! I-IT'S KOMOTZA! IF HE MAKES THOSE WOODS THEY'LL NEVER CATCH HIM! HE'S FAST AS A RABBIT!



AND IF HE GETS BACK TO HIS LINES HE'LL TIP 'EM OFF ABOUT THAT DUMMY EQUIPMENT! I-I GOTTA STOP HIM...



...I-IF I CAN! BUT THE JINK... WILL IT WORK AGAINST ME LIKE IT DID AT THE OLYMPICS? IT BETTER NOT... OR THE WHOLE OUTFIT WILL BE IN DANGER! I JUST GOTTA STOP KOMOTZA!



SHORTLY, THE DESPERATE G. I. GAINS A VANTAGE POINT ABOVE THE FLEEING PRISONER!

I'VE GOT TO CUT HIM OFF FAST!
ONLY ONE WAY DOWN FROM
HERE ---



HEADS, UH, KOMOTZA!

T- THE FOOL
RED
HAIRD
ONE!



YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE
WITH YOUR INFO, CHUM!

YOU THINK NOT,
MULLINS ---



--- BUT I HAVE BEATEN
YOU BEFORE IN THE
WATER! HA! LET US
HAVE ANOTHER
SWIM RACE!

H- HE SWIMS LIKE A FISH ---
BROKE THE RECORD IN THE
OLYMPICS! H- HOW CAN I
CATCH HIM!



LONG, POWERFUL STROKES CARRY
THE CONFIDENT ENEMY THROUGH
THE RAGING RAPIDS ---

HA, HA! THE WATERS
ARE DIFFICULT, EH,
MULLINS! IT IS TOO
BAD YOU ARE
NOT THE
CHAMPION!

G- GOT TO KEEP
TRYING! H- HE
CAN'T SWIM
ALL THE WAY
BACK --- GOT TO
COME OUT SOME
TIME!



FOR FORTY MINUTES THE BAT-
TLING G. I. STRUGGLES WITH THE
SWIRLING WATERS! FINALLY ---

SO VERY BASHY ---
HA, HA!

K- KEEP GOING,
RED --- C- CAN'T
GIVE UP
NOW!



MY CHANCES ARE BETTER NOW!
HE ONLY BEAT ME IN THE
OLYMPIC MARATHON BECAUSE
I GOT A STOMACH
CRAMP!



ON AND ON OVER THE RUGGED COUNTRYSIDE THE TWO MEN CONTINUE! THE SERGEANT'S ACHING LUNGS THROB WITH HIS DESPERATE EFFORTS!

THE STUBBORN MULE! WHAT KEEPS HIM GOING?

SUDDENLY... NO! YOU ARE BEATEN, MILLINS! ONLY A CHAMPION COULD MAKE THIS BROAD JUMP!

THEN... COME! TEST YOUR COURAGE, AMERICAN!

S-SUFFERING BAZOOKERS! HE MUST BE CLEARING TWENTY FIVE FEET IN THAT JUMP!

WHA---? SO --- HE DARES ATTEMPT THE IMPOSSIBLE!

EVERY NERVE, EVERY SINOW OF THE SERGEANT'S BODY IS STRAINED TO THE UT-MOST AS HE HURTL'S THROUGH SPACE! THEN, HIS FEET TOUCH THE OPPOSITE SIDE AND---

FALL! FALL, BLAST YOU!

YIP! E-EASY, BOY--- EASY! DON'T LET THE JINK GET YA!

THAT'S IT, CHAMP--- START RUNNING AGAIN--- CAUSE I'M COMING AFTER YOU!

PUFF!-PUFF! YOU LOOK A LITTLE NERVOUS, KOMOTZA! BEGINNING TO FEEL THE PACE, HUH! WELL, I'M STILL COMING--- STILL COMING! PUFF! PUFF!

LONG TORTUOUS MINUTES LATER THE G.I. ROUNDS A LEDGE TO SEE...

WHA...? HE'S MAKING FOR THAT CAVE ENTRANCE!



5-30 YOU CRACKED...HAD TO HOLD UP-LIKE A RAT!

YOU ARE BEATEN, MULLINS! I...HAVE ONLY TO REMAIN HERE UNTIL MORNING! NORTH KOREAN PATROLS PASS THIS POINT...THEY WILL DISPOSE OF YOU THEN!



NO, MULLINS...YOU CANNOT POSE VAULT UP! EVEN I COULD NOT MAKE THE LEAP! AND...IF YOU TRY TO CRAWL HERE I CAN EASILY BASH YOUR BRAINS IN!

YEAH... YOU SURE ARE TRICKY, KOMOTZA! GUESS I'M...SUNK!



HOURS LATER...THE MOON GOES DOWN AND IT IS PITCH DARK...

COWARD! HE MUST BE GONE... WHA?



HI YA, KOMOTZA!

YIKES! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!



SHORTLY, THE SOUNDS OF DESPERATE FIGHTING CEASE AND THE NIGHT IS STILL AGAIN!

GUESS THAT SILENCES YOU, KOMOTZA!



AND LATER, AS DAWN BREAKS...

I'VE JUST BEEN OUT, BREAKING A JINK.

R-RED! HE FIGURED YOU CAUGHT A BULLET! WHAT HAPPENED?

GANG! DON'T WORRY ABOUT KOMOTZA TALKING... HE'S NOT GOING TO TALK TO ANYONE FROM NOW ON!



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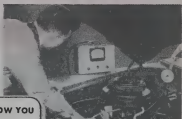
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—Gordon 39 lbs. When I started

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